

THE SATURDAY

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VOLUME XXII.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines.

By S. D. ANDREW.

A bird is singing on the boughs,

And sauntered from the treasured hours,

An answering melody :

A tone that makes the boughs

A vision from this day light dream

Where all was bright and gay.

A star has wandered from the spot

That kindly wave has been forgot,

An offering sweeps the thyme,

A flower was snatched by the earth,

A vine was crushed by soaring pride

Scarred earth is left.

Fond hearts were severed by a wood,

Linked souls by lingering death,

And a mournful sound was uttered,

As scattered from the treasured hours,

The tones of a mother's harp sosting,

Mixed all its cheared power.

A bright one morning from the tree,

A note in heart's song,

A soft one from the plain,

Should stay from the bough,

A welcome smile from these we prize

When care sits on the bough,

A gleam of light from the bright eye,

Are missing from me now.

A place where charmers shone,

As bright as stars that pale,

A thought that hope can be no more,

Some gay white clouds o'er cast

As when about from the crowd

As when the gale and the ground,

All like stoke have flown.

Some note of thine dearest times,

That made me feel thy beauty and

the style, for which I longed,

When I was young and care,

Wrote for the Saturday Evening Post.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Death Day.

By J. P. MORSE.

Sweet is the rest,

The calm Sabbath day,

The quiet hours of rest,

We longer on our way,

And rest, while sunsets paints the skies,

New hopes without become too.

Who does not like to dream?

For me, it is the dream,

When Christmas knock,

And love with these the knee,

And when the sun goes down in scenes high,

To him the Heavens bright.

Oh! he is the Sabbath day,

Sweetest and fairest all time,

And Saints obey,

The quiet hours of rest,

That make the heart change home,

Will cheer the deeps of woe,

When I am long in word or wear,

Shall be forgotten by me.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

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